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THE KING'S GENTLEMEN

At great ceremonies of State a brilliant splash of colour is always provided by the uniforms of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, oldest of the Sovereign's Body Guards, members of whom are seen at the Palace of Westminster for the recent State Opening of Parliament. They are (left to right) Brigadier L. M. Gibbs, C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C.; Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. C. K. E. Previté, O.B.E.; Colonel H. M. Pryce-Jones, C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., M.C., holder of the ancient office of Harbinger; and Colonel C. L. Howard, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Parliament Opens In Splendour

PAGEANTRY of an almost forgotten age came to life again at the State Opening of Parliament by the King, but so smoothly was the whole elaborate ceremony carried out that it might well have been only one year instead of ten since the last occasion.

On a sunny autumn morning the King and Queen drove from Buckingham Palace to the Palace of Westminster in the Irish State Coach drawn by four grey horses. They had an escort of Household Cavalry under the command of Major Gerard Leigh, wearing the picturesque blue and scarlet uniform with brass helmets and breastplates of the Blues and Life Guards. Foot Guards wearing greatcoats and busbies lined the route.

T.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Edinburgh had already taken up their places on the Dukes' bench when the Royal procession arrived. First the Heralds entered followed by the Maces of the two Houses. Then came the great officers of State going before the King and Queen, who came in hand in hand, wearing their Royal robes of crimson velvet with long trains, two stately figures around whom the whole pageant centred.

The King wore the impressive Imperial Crown and the Queen was wearing a diamond tiara and diamond necklace and earrings, with a robe de style of heavy cream satin, richly embroidered in gold, across the bodice of which she wore the wide blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. Behind came the four pages in their scarlet jackets and knee-breeches: fifteen-year-old Lord Hyde, the Hon. James Ogilvy, Bernard Gordon Lennox and George Paynter.

THE Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, followed, a stately figure in a pale beige-coloured tulle dress with a diamond and pearl tiara and rows of pearls. Then came Lady Hambleden and Lady Katherine Seymour, both wearing white and silver evening dresses and diamond tiaras, the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, and the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Lord Steward, both in scarlet uniforms, as were also the Earl of Athlone, Gold Stick-in-Waiting, and Lord Shepherd.

Others in the procession were Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Terence Nugent, Controller of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, Col. Henry Abel Smith, Silver Stick-in-Waiting, in the uniform of the Blues, Wing Commander Peter Townsend in R.A.F. uniform, and Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley in the impressive full dress of the Royal Navy.

On arrival in the Chamber itself the King and Queen took their seats on the thrones, the King received his Gracious Speech from the kneeling Lord Chancellor, Viscount Jowitt, and read it in a clear voice to open the new session of Parliament.



The Earl and Countess of Dudley leaving the Palace of Westminster after the impressive State opening



The Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who were married in the summer, were among the Peers and Peeresses present



The Marchioness of Londonderry with Lord Newall, formerly Governor-General of New Zealand



Lord and Lady Selsdon were up from Hampshire for the occasion. Lord Selsdon is the second baron



Lord Woolton, the Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan and Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, Lady Nevall and two of the judges watching the Royal coach drive away



Centre, Mr. Peter Fraser, (N.Z. Premier). Left, Sir Maung Gye, the Burmese Ambassador, and his wife, right, Miss Sharman Douglas and Mr. James Douglas



THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE. The end of the journey in the Irish State Coach from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, made in brilliant sunshine and to the cheering of great crowds



The Marquess of Douro, son and heir of the Duke of Wellington, was one of the officers of the Household Cavalry who formed the Sovereign's Escort

Parliament:

AMONG THOSE PRESENT



Lord Mountevans ("Evans of the Broke") and Lady Mountevans awaiting their car after the opening ceremony



M. Gunnar Haeggloef, the Swedish Ambassador to London, was present with Mme Haeggloef



Lady Killanin, wife of Lord Killanin, the Irish peer



Lady Swaythling, formerly Director of the A.T.S.



Lady Hacking, wife of the eminent Parliamentarian



Lady Milverton, whose husband was formerly Governor of Nigeria



Lady Petre, wife of the seventeenth baron, leaving the House of Lords



VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, who sat as M.P. for the Sutton Division of Plymouth from 1919 to 1945, was wearing the most striking piece of jewellery of all, a massive tiara made for her many years ago by Cartier. The principal stone in it, the Sancy diamond, is an historic gem reputed to have been worn by Charles the Bold at the Battle of Nancy in 1477, and after the battle picked up by a Swiss soldier who sold it to a priest for a florin. It was subsequently in the possession of Queen Elizabeth and James I (it was in the inventory of the Tower of London in 1605), and then went back to France where it was last owned by Marie Antoinette. By devious routes it reached India and was bought by the late Viscount Astor from Sir Jansetjee



The Royal Party at Liverpool Street Station when the King and Queen, with Queen Mary, met the Danish King and Queen on their arrival from Harwich on their visit to England. With King Frederik IX and Queen Ingrid, who stayed at Buckingham Palace, is Queen Alexandrine, the Queen Mother, who was a guest of Queen Mary at Marlborough House. The principal function attended by the King and Queen of Denmark was the opening of the Danish Art Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum (see below)

Some Portraits in Print

PERHAPS it was the sight of smoke streaming up into the November void from Mayfair's chimneys that brought a vision of housemaids toiling up countless flights of backstairs carrying cans of steaming hot water.

Or perhaps the memory of an advertisement in the morning's paper: "Cook wanted S.W.1. Three servants kept. All afternoons off. Radio in bedroom. £6 a week. Write Box —"

I was passing a house near Brook Street, a vast place that I had known (and not so many years ago) as a private dwelling, and by the time I got to Park Lane the raddled old topic had got hold of my mind: how good were those good old days?

The argument runs now that people with big houses imposed discomfort and boredom on their long-suffering servants. The answer to this should be to ask another question: what about the discomforts and boredoms they imposed upon themselves? (This is a variant of the argument I use in Dublin when people talk about the persecution of the Irish by the English: what about the persecution, I ask, of the English by the English in the nineteenth century?)

IT was not only the domestics that had to climb all those stairs in the Regency mansions to their bedrooms. The master and mistress had to make the same long climbs. Mr. Harold Nicolson has a delightful story of going to see his Foreign Office chief, the great Lord Curzon, in his bedroom in Carlton House Terrace. It proved to be a small, one-windowed room with a white washing stand, a cheap chest of drawers and a small brass bedstead.

"You are observing the simple squalor of my room," said Lord Curzon, "I can assure you, however, that my wife's apartments are of the most unexampled magnificence."

If he said that, he was boasting; there was no bedroom in the Curzon mansion big enough to contain unexampled magnificence.

Almost any domestic record of Victorian days, from Sandringham to St. James's and Belgravia to Buckingham Palace, reveals to the discerning reader a degree of discomfort that would startle the tenants of, say, new L.C.C. flats in the East End.

I mention Sandringham, because as late as George V's occupancy of York Cottage (which was not a cottage at all) there was only one bathroom available.

In nearly every way there was an astonishing similarity of degrees of comfort between life above and below stairs, with the balance in favour of below stairs. For there was to be found the robustness typified by the policeman in the kitchen and the between-maid's flirtation with the grocer's boy.

NOTHING like that upstairs in the starched and draughty drawing-rooms, with the stiff-backed chairs and the antimacassars, and the genteel conversation made by casual callers on the mistress's day "At Home." No wonder the Strand and Piccadilly gained a roystering reputation to be mentioned only under the breath, while Paris became synonymous with a delightful wickedness. Anything to escape from the antimacassars.

There was also the obligation to eat far, far too much. And drink.

I was looking through a tattered volume of Victorian dinner menus the other day and by the time I had finished with the fourth menu mental dyspepsia was threatening. No wonder women had to corset themselves almost to death. A martyrdom which the maids escaped. Eight courses for dinner six days a week!

James, the butler, could slip around to the mews and buy a dozen nice oysters for sixpence in the nineties.

SEEING lovely Queen Ingrid of Denmark at the opening of the Danish Art Treasures Exhibition, one thought of a visit which she paid to London as a young princess over twenty years ago. There were those then who believed that she might be persuaded to stay here the rest of her life, but that was not the way it worked out, and she went back to marry the tall Prince Frederik.

There are some beautiful things in this show at the Victoria and Albert, (a few of which are shown on pages 184-5) although one would wish that some had been displayed in more impressive surroundings; and others with more domestic backgrounds. Denmark—indeed, all Scandinavia—can teach us so much in the field of domestic architecture and decoration. I shudder at what some visitors from the cleaner and neater side of the North Sea must think of our untidy, sprawling, ill-kept and smoke-laden cities.

I take this from the catalogue: "Another

thing which has been favourable to the production of good art is the absence of high economic pretensions among Danish artists. The latter have not, like those of many other countries, found themselves forced to adopt a relatively high standard of living in order to maintain social prestige, because in Denmark the mere fact of being a good artist in itself confers as much prestige as anyone can reasonably want . . . there has been relatively little temptation for artists to sell their souls, to conform to reactionary academic traditions, or to adopt extremist fashions in order to attract attention."

WHEN I said that I wished there were more domestic backgrounds I was doubtless thinking of the Hans Andersen exhibits.

His battered old portmanteau is on view, the one in which he must have carried that rope which he took everywhere he went in case the house he was sleeping in should catch fire. But what would he have done with the rope?

Nothing so commonplace as just to lower it from his window. Surely that rope had some magic properties which could be summoned at command.

Hans Andersen, I learned, was a friend of Dickens, and carried on an energetic correspondence with his fellow writer.

TWO letters have provided me with instruction on widely different subjects recently discussed in these pages. The first is from a reader in Newport, Rhode Island, who gives a harrowing account of trying to spend his dollars in Savile Row—the urgent need for his doing so having been recently stressed by the farcical attempt to present a propaganda playlet about English tailoring in New York.

"I had not ordered anything in London since the early spring of 1939 and eagerly looked forward to what would be for me an orgy of buying, because I now had two sons to equip as well as myself," he writes, adding that before that he had had all his clothes made in London since he was up at Oxford in 1905.

"My favourite breeches maker would have nothing to do with export business. He said he could never be bothered with permits and

export licences. So I turned to my second choice. His difficulty was that he did not have sufficient material and had first to attend to his domestic trade. He could promise nothing before six months or perhaps a year.

I VISITED four shoemakers to whom I had been well known. One told me he did not want export business, another that he did not have enough leather for export. The other two preferred to start with shoes instead of boots, both turning out failures.

"My favourite tailor had been bombed and I distributed my orders among three other firms. I and my sons had many fittings (as is right and proper) but the results, if not entirely unsatisfactory, were disappointing. But the cloth was very good; perhaps as good as it ever had been. On the whole it was quite an experience. All my old friends looked fit and well and were not in the least discouraged. But, as long as I do not live in England, I shall do without English clothes. The prices are far too high when coupled with the still high American duty."

I wish that I could say that this letter was an unusual one. A few months ago I had a letter from an American friend relating almost the same sort of experiences while trying to spend his dollars in the West End.

I HAVE long been a collector of famous remarks (alas, how many are apocryphal!) and an interesting point is now raised by Admiral Sir William James.

On the occasion of the reopening of Trafalgar Square I gave a version of what Admiral Collingwood is believed to have muttered when Nelson hoisted the famous signal "England expects . . ." on October 21st, 1805. My suggestion was that Collingwood, not a man of the same highly emotional calibre, said something to the effect that he wished Nelson would stop sending those dam' silly signals.

Sir William James suggests another version. It is that Collingwood, on seeing the flags appear above the netting of H.M.S. Victory, said: "I wish Nelson would stop signalling, we all know what to do."

"I have often quoted this as the best tribute ever paid to the greatest planner of the sailing era," adds Sir William. "Nelson always had battle plans for every situation, which were known to all his officers, and so no signals were necessary at the Nile, Copenhagen or Trafalgar."

Both Nelson and Collingwood had been young lieutenants under Sir Peter Parker in the West Indies, and one of the first letters Collingwood wrote after Trafalgar was to Parker. He said: "You will see by the public accounts that we have fought a great battle and had it not been for the fall of our noble friend—who was indeed the glory of England and the admiration of all who saw him in battle—your pleasure would have been perfect: that two of your own pupils, raised under your eye and cherished by your kindness, should render such service to their country as I hope this battle in its effect will be."

ON the subject of famous last words in battle, I think that the first part of the dialogue at the death of General Wolfe at Quebec has certainly an authentic ring. Someone in the background of the group surrounding the dying young general shouted: "They're running! They're running!" Whereupon Wolfe faintly inquired whom it was who ran. The answer was, "The French, sir!"

It is on what Wolfe then said that doubt arises. "Thank God, I die happy," sounds altogether too melodramatic.

Mark Twain satirized this sort of triteness in his famous laugh at the Gambetta duel, when one of the duellists forgot his carefully memorized dying words, which were merely: "I die that France may live."

—Gordon Beckles

BALD POETS ARE NOT BAYED

Bring me no laurels for my brow—it's bald,
Bald as the coot is bald, not merely thin;
Gone is the final fluff that late recalled
I once had something on the top but skin.

Nor shall you sprig my nudity with bay,
Girdling this egg with emphasizing zone
To point that region which, my critics say,
Is visually confirmed as solid bone.

The crown would slip, the foliage would slide
Till checked by one or other jutting lug.
Am I to wear my triumphs to one side
As if they witnessed prowess with the jug?

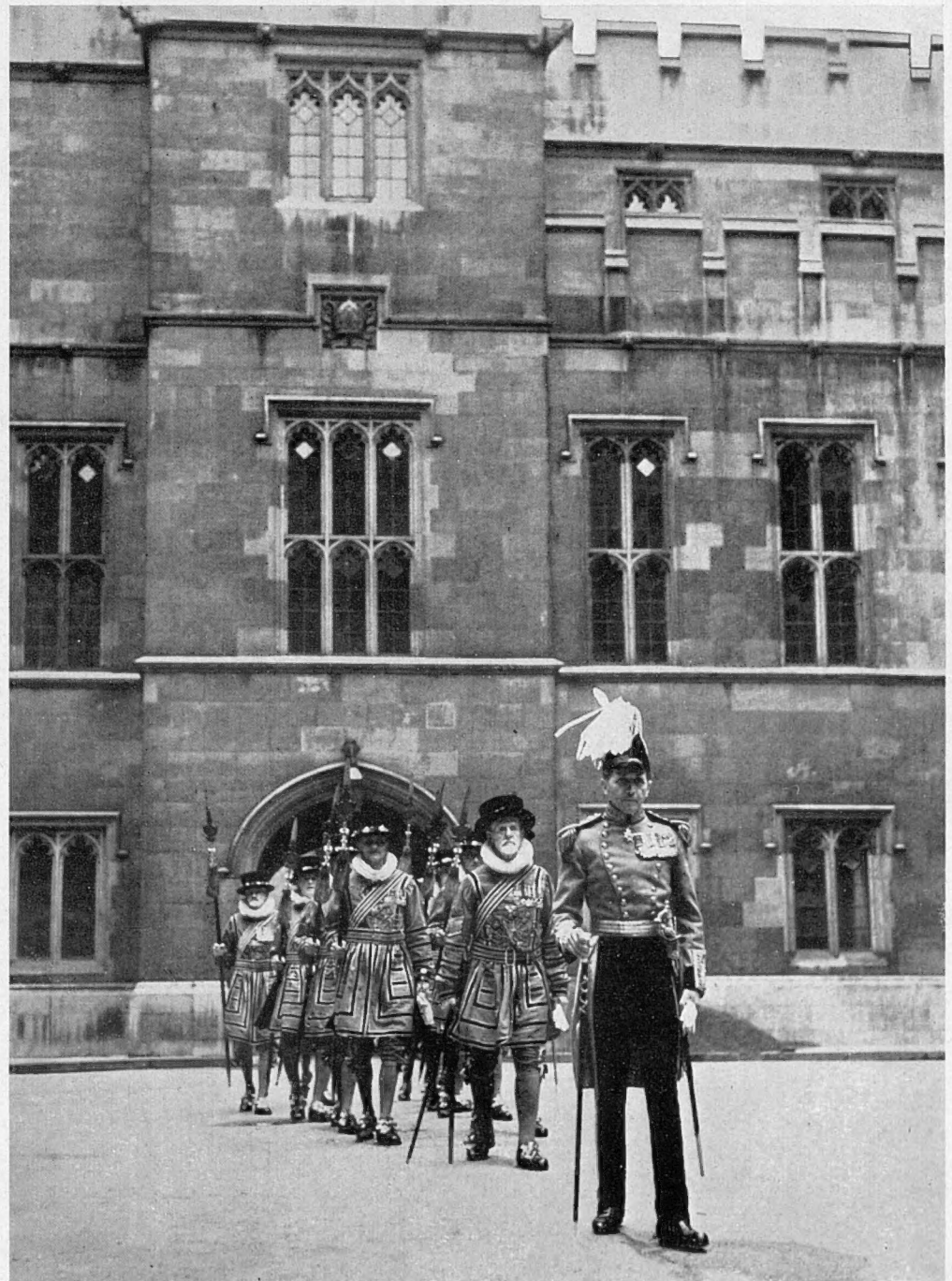
Not bay, nor laurel nor the broader fig
Could let such nakedness as mine get by;
Nor recommend the unveracious wig—
I would not rest my honours on a lie.

One other project that I turn down flat,
Rather relinquishing my Muse's claim,
Is to entwine the flora in my hat—
And when I doff the howler doff the fame?

Posies are wove for poets who have hair
And garlands grace none but the garnished crest.
True, I am rudely carpeted elsewhere. . . .
But one does not bind chaplets round one's chest.

No. Pass me by and deck some lesser bard,
Some stripling troubadour whose thatch is thick.
Give him the vegetation. Fate is hard
But let it spare at least this sort of prick.

—Justin Richardson



THE KING'S BODYGUARD of Yeomen of the Guard leaving the Palace of Westminster after their traditional search of the vaults on the eve of the opening of Parliament, which dates from the Gunpowder Plot. The officer in charge is the Exon, Major-General Allan Adair, C.B., D.S.O., M.C.



A Mock-Tudor Madcap Frolic, with Big-Hearted Arthur as King of the Revels. On the left Frankie Duval (Ginette Wander) pounces happily on Freddie Foster (Gil Johnson) and on the right Jack Bellamy (Shamus Locke) and Sally Price (Lynnete Rae) provide romantic interest while Aunt Agatha (Chic Elliott) dances a neat pas seul

Anthony Cookman

[Illustration
by Tom Titt]

At The Theatre

"The Kid From Stratford" (Princes)

WRITERS of musical comedy have hitherto turned a blind eye to the mute solicitings of the Shakespeare cult at Stratford-upon-Avon. The Bard's birthplace growing bigger and better with the years—the procession of silk-hatted dignitaries carrying daffodils and cowslips on the Birthday—the breaking by ambassadors of the flags of the nations on Bankside, with some visiting journalist called on at the last moment to do the honours for Basutoland—droves of schoolgirls in the fell clutch of culture—the local ladies dressed as Elizabethan lasses circulating with sprigs of rosemary through the coffee-rooms of the town's most modern hotels—the whole cult nicely balanced on the knife edge between what is simple, sincere and affecting and what is ridiculous—here, surely, is matter for a musical.

THE authors of this piece make pleasant play with the idea without once getting at all near it. That was to be expected, and since the results are so agreeably conventional it would be unreasonable to complain. It is, all the same, something of a mystery to me that musical comedy should be so consistently and intensely shy of even the simplest idea, especially when, as in the present instance, it would provide refreshingly new settings and new situations without necessarily sacrificing

the kind of choruses and love-making and ballet and funny stuff to which we are accustomed.

The Belle of New York gave our fathers all that they expected of musical comedy; yet it made quite a thing of its discovery of the Salvation Army and could fairly lay claim to a certain originality. I remember no musical comedy of recent years which could hold a candle to *Congress Dances*, a film which told a new (or newish) story in an unfamiliar setting and was as light, as romantic, as tuneful and as amusing as any dyed-in-the-wool devotee of musical comedy could desire.

The opening scene of *The Kid From Stratford* in a Stratford tea garden comes to comparatively close quarters with the idea. It makes good, rough fun of Stratford's ancient monuments, of the mixed bag of tourists, of the schoolgirls who are horribly uncertain whether they are out for a treat or in for a lesson, of the trade in relics and so forth. Then it is highly promising that Mr. Arthur Askey, while engaged in burying a box full of Brummagem relics, should unearth a Shakespeare manuscript which turns out to be his one and only attempt at a musical. The lugubrious song, "I'm telling thee" sounds, until it has been brisked up, almost authentic.

That is pretty well the end of that, for though, of course, Mr. Askey makes it his business to put on what Shakespeare himself predicts will be "the smite of the year," most of his time is taken up by his efforts to get wealthy Aunt Agatha to finance the show. The Oblong of Skance, he tells her, is feverishly anxious to have the honour of finding the money and while he is impersonating this presumably mythical gentleman he is, of course, confronted with the Oblong of Skance in person. That sort of thing, you see; and though a Shakespeare musical is in the end put on the stage it is, so far as we can make out, only a rough and ready burlesque of Sir Laurence Olivier's film of *Hamlet*, with Mr. Askey as the blond prince.

YET it is all such very good-humoured stuff, and Mr. Askey is so endearingly playful and times his simplest jokes so beautifully, that it needs but half an eye to see that its popularity is assured. Miss Chic Elliott puts a touch of genuine humour into Aunt Agatha; Miss Ginette Wander is a piquantly vivacious dancer; and the songs—quite a good lot—are well sung by Miss Lynnete Rae, Mr. Shamus Locke and Mr. Gil Johnson. Seemingly it is a show which the company itself frankly enjoys playing; and it would be ungracious not to enter into the spirit of the thing.

VIC OLIVER, chief pillar of the successful *Starlight Roof*, which ended its run at the Hippodrome recently, is the son of an Viennese effervescence to the lighter English stage. But it was not until he appeared in Cochran's *Follow the Sun* at the Adelphi in 1936 that his talent, backed up by extensive experience in the U.S.A., was fully recognized. Apart from the stage he has made another reputation on the radio, the *Hi, Gang!* series being perhaps the most memorable, and has appeared in many films. A musician of a seriousness which one would not deduce from his famous violin solos, he confounded the scoffers by conducting a classical concert at the Albert Hall in January, 1946. He has a cottage at Stone, near Aylesbury, and when he has time plays tennis and golf



"THE OLD VIC"

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Wae's Me for Prince Charlie

STUART ill-luck is almost the only thing in two-and-a-quarter hours of *Bonnie Prince Charlie* (Empire) that rings true. Nothing in Prince Charles Edward's heartrending history, not the retreat from Derby, not Culloden, not even the years dragged out in squalid exile can have brought him so low as his commemoration in Technicolor.

Given one of the most truly romantic stories in our history and one of the most beautiful settings in these islands, it would hardly have seemed possible to fail so stupendously to recapture even a flicker of the Jacobite legend that is still alive after two hundred years. For *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, which took two years to make and I should not care to guess how many hundred thousand pounds, is a disaster on the grand scale; the scale of *Anna Karenina* (which at least had taste) and *Cæsar and Cleopatra* (which at least had Shaw's dialogue).

We have often had cause to mock Hollywood's irresponsible excursions into our history. Only the other day we had Douglas Fairbanks Junior cavorting as another Stuart in *The Exile*. Last year many of us revelled in the Hollywood Highlands of *The Swordsman*. It has been left to London Films to make a picture which is not only as preposterous as either of these, but achieves the truly astonishing feat of making the Young Cavalier a BORE.

Who killed Prince Charlie? That is the outstanding question. Was it Clemence Dane with her script, Anthony Kimmins with his direction, or David Niven with his flaxen wig and pasty make-up as the star?

My answer is that none of these alone was responsible, though each contributed to the murder. Mr. Niven is miscast, ill-made-up and weary of it all from the first, but had the script been less leaden, the direction less wooden, history could have carried him. Whereas if Prince Charles Edward himself had risen from the grave, as well he might, he could not have brought to life this march of toy soldiers (wooden all except Jack Hawkins as Lord George Murray) across Technicolor backcloths evoking no known time or place except the Never-Never Studio Land. Or yes, some of the tartan-clad palefaces reminded me of the girl dancers at Highland Games.

Technicolor is surely the villain of this piece. The hills are the right shape (unlike the High Sierras of *The Swordsman*), but the colour does not even imitate the warm bronzes and purples of the Highland moors, or the bleak grey on drear days, the cold slate of the lochs or boiling brown of the burns. Picture postcards have progressed beyond the billiard-table green, chalky stone dykes, Mediterranean blue lochs and waxen faces we are given instead.

I COULD swallow the anachronistic accompaniment of Lady Nairne's Jacobite songs if they were not sung by clansmen and local lassies as though they had been the contemporary Voice of Scotland during the 'Forty-five. I would never murmur pedantically of historical accuracy if the film had even a fraction of the vigour of Fairbanks' *Exile*. Indeed, it is a

measure of this multi-coloured elephant's direness that so much the best thing in it is Flora Macdonald. She occupies more than her due share of the footage. But Margaret Leighton makes her such a charming, soft-spoken Highland gentlewoman that one can only wish Mr. Kimmins had thrown in his hand, frankly forgotten the 'Forty-five, and made a studio romance about Flora Macdonald.

I have mentioned before my recurrent nightmare that I might make a film just like the worst I see; I should never have dreamed that anybody could make a film like *Bonnie Prince Charlie* if I had not seen it with my own eyes.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM's caustic wit and crisp story-telling make *Quartet* (Odeon, Leicester Square) seem classical after pantomime Scotland, although *Quartet* is quite an experiment. Sydney Box has had the original idea

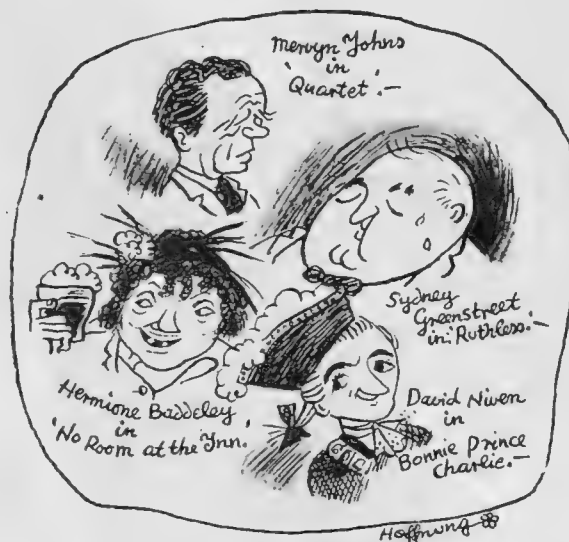
in the family passion for kite-flying which comes between a suburban young man and his wife in *The Kite*.

FINALLY, *The Colonel's Lady* is again keenest Maugham cynicism; or would be if it had not been found necessary—to suit the censor, I understand, in a mood unusually sensitive—to the dignity of matrimony—to tack on a sentimental ending to a domestic dilemma beautifully posed by Cecil Parker as the Blimp and Nora Swinburne as the taken-for-granted wife who embarrasses her husband by becoming a literary lioness on the strength of a volume of erotic verse.

Faults can be found with *Quartet*, but Mr. Box deserves gratitude for a refreshing experiment and one which must be rated a success. How far it can or should be followed I am not sure. Too much imitated—and imitated inevitably it will be—it may use up short stories with more overtones than Mr. Maugham's which would make full-length films. But if the experiment could catch the public fancy even long enough to divert the insatiable demand for double features, it will have conferred a benefit both artistic and commercial.

HERMIONE BADDELEY, who appears both as the kite-flying mother in *Quartet* and as an old souse in *No Room at the Inn* (Warner), is worth her weight to any picture, because she is a real actress who can bring the rare gift of breadth to the screen without departing from truth. Her maliciously respectable and possessive mother, contrasted with the filthy, kindly old horror, make a superb double. Freda Jackson, playing her original part as the dreadful woman who takes evacuees for the sake of their ration books, is also an actress—even if, by the end, she does look a little like the dregs of Dietrich in *A Foreign Affair*—and young Joan Dowling as the evacuee most capable of dealing with brutality, degradation and bribery is another. Evacuees are fortunately no longer topical, and *No Room at the Inn*—produced by Ivan Foxwell—is a modest picture with few pretensions. What it has is a foundation of shocking veracity and quite hideous power not to be quenched by a few shoddy sets.

Hollywood's only two offerings this week are both told in such contortions of flashback-and-forth and side as to make it almost impossible to follow either of their stories. All I could glean was that *Ruthless* (Gaumont, Haymarket) was about American big business; while *Beyond Glory* was about American military training at West Point, where Alan Ladd's wooden face and gestures drill very well. Opposite Mr. Ladd is a young actress I never fail to find charming but never succeed in identifying without recourse to my programme. She is Donna Reed.

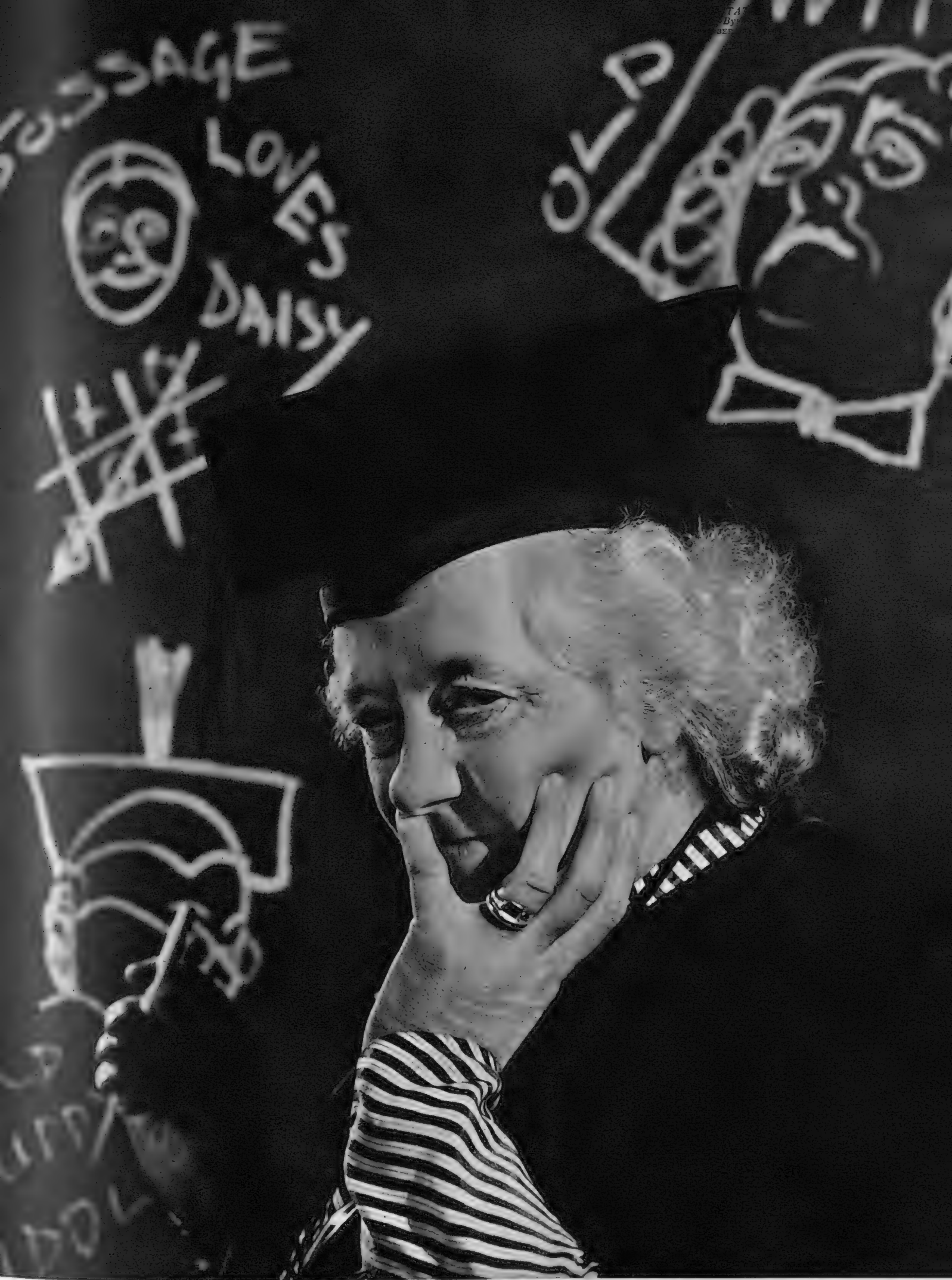


of filming four separate short stories with nothing in common except Mr. Maugham's authorship. Each has a different cast and director, and because the stories are neat and judiciously balanced, the change of form is a welcome one.

The first story, *The Facts of Life*, is a delicious, cynical trifle about a young tennis-player's first visit to Monte Carlo, with a charmingly pointed performance by Mai Zetterling as the elegant and accomplished exploiter of his innocence. Lubitsch would have liked to direct so pleasant a piece of wit, but Ralph Smart handles it very neatly.

I thought *The Alien Corn*, with Dirk Bogarde as the rich young man who wants to be a pianist and Françoise Rosay wasted (except for a fine bit of piano doubling) as his judge, the least effective of the *Quartet*. But it supplies a note of drama in the programme. There is feeling of an eccentric kind and a touch of fantasy

MARGARET RUTHERFORD, who gives such a hilarious performance as the Principal of St. Swithin's in *The Happiest Days of Your Life*, which celebrated its 250th performance at the Apollo Theatre last week, is very much at home in a school atmosphere. She taught the piano and elocution in girls' schools for ten years before making her first stage appearance as the Fairy With The Long Nose in the Old Vic pantomime, *Little Jack Horner*, in 1925. Since then this brilliant and versatile artist has been seen in London in many long-running plays. She married Stringer Davis, who appears with her in *The Happiest Days of Your Life*, three years ago





The Bridal Group after the wedding of the Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile, daughter of Lady Savile and the late Lord Savile, and Major Kent Kane Parrot, of the U.S. Embassy in Paris. Left to right: Miss Fay James, Lady Sarah Savile, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Radu Tilea (best man), the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Mary Crake, Lady Anne Lumley and, in front, the two attendants, Ashley and Carolyn-Clare Meyer

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Their Majesties the King and Queen went with Queen Mary to Liverpool Street station to welcome King Frederik of Denmark, his lovely wife Queen Ingrid, and his mother, Queen Alexandrine, when they arrived on their visit to England. This really was an informal visit, the only official engagement being the opening of the Exhibition of Danish Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum, for which King Frederik had helped select some of the art treasures sent over from Copenhagen. The Danish King and Queen occupied the comfortable Belgian Suite on the ground floor at Buckingham Palace, where during their stay they received a number of their friends in this country. Queen Alexandrine stayed with Queen Mary at Marlborough House.

After meeting their Royal guests, the King and Queen gave a small Sunday night family dinner party, which Queen Mary and Queen Alexandrine attended. After dinner the King took the party on a surprise drive to see the floodlit fountains in Trafalgar

Square, an informal expedition that exactly fitted in with King Frederik's own democratic ideas. The Danish visitors enjoyed, too, the absence of ceremony and fuss when, the following night, the King and Queen took them to the theatre to see *The Kid from Stratford*. As a naval officer himself, the tall Danish King also appreciated the Service humour in the play *Off the Record*, to which he took his Queen and Queen Alexandrine.

KING FREDERIK and Queen Ingrid made several visits to the Danish Club in Knightsbridge, overlooking the Park, and it was here that Queen Ingrid received, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Buffs, a diamond brooch bearing the regimental crest from Major-Gen. Scarlett, Colonel of the regiment.

Prince George of Denmark, who is Assistant Military Attaché at the Danish Embassy, was at this presentation, and accompanied the Royal guests on several other expeditions, including a visit to the St. James's Theatre to see *Don't Listen, Ladies*, with Queen Mary and Queen

Alexandrine, who during her stay had the misfortune to fall down some stairs at Marlborough House and sprain her ankle.

AMONG those gathered in the Palace of Westminster to watch the impressive proceedings of the Opening of Parliament were Dominion statesmen from all parts of the world and many members of the Diplomatic Corps. I saw the Duchess of Palmella, wife of the Portuguese Ambassador, wearing a black velvet cap trimmed with black paradise plumes, and a white ermine cape over her black dress. Among the peeresses, Lady Astor and the Marchioness of Londonderry were outstanding for their jewellery and furs.

Lady Astor, who was our first woman M.P., and has always been a sparkling personality, scintillated literally on this occasion. Her diamonds were superb; she wore an enormous tiara, single-stone diamond earrings which were the size of a shilling, a single-stone diamond necklace, each stone beautiful in its size and simplicity, and a three-tier diamond corsage ornament. These lovely jewels all belonged originally to her late mother-in-law, who had one of the finest collections of jewels in the country, but whenever she had her portrait painted the late Lady Astor would never wear

any of her jewels. With these lovely diamonds Lady Astor wore a black net dress and a sable wrap.

The Marchioness of Londonderry was wearing a long chinchilla cape over her dress of dark-grey faille, and an enormous tiara, diamond drop earrings, rows of lovely pearls, and a massive diamond brooch and pendant which reached to her waist. Viscountess Elibank wore a long white ermine cape with her evening dress and diamond tiara. Lord St. Aldwyn was there with Countess St. Aldwyn, very good-looking in a silver lamé dress with pleated skirt, with which she wore a lovely diamond star brooch and sunray diamond tiara.

OTHER peeresses who wore tiaras and evening dresses at this ceremony were Lady Bocket, Lady Swaythling, Lady Woolton, the Countess of Dudley, who wore a lovely pearl-and-diamond tiara and had her many rows of pearls worked into a choker design. Also the Countess Howe, Lady Selsdon, Lady Cromwell, Lady Killanin, the Countess of Abingdon, and the good-looking Countess of Bessborough, whom I saw after the ceremony with the Earl of Bessborough, their daughter Lady Moira Browne, and their new daughter-in-law, Viscountess Duncannon.

In the Royal Gallery I saw Lady Rachel Davidson, the Hon. Mrs. William Skyrme, very pretty in a halo hat, Lady Dormer, with gay pink feathers in her hat, Lady Vivian, the Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Harper, the Hon. Mrs. Petre Crowder, and Mrs. Howse, who was over from Melbourne with her husband, a member of the Australian Delegation at the Prime Ministers' Conference. Also there were the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, watching his father and youngest brother in the procession, the Hon. Mrs. Cooper Key, pretty in black, Mr. Torrance, Deputy High Commissioner for South Africa, with his wife, Miss Case, who was over from New York and came with Mr. Chips Channon, Mrs. Moresby, who brought Mrs. Hector Livingstone, a visitor from Sydney, and Lady Tweedsmuir, who came in after the ceremony to chat to friends. She had taken her place as a Member of Parliament and not as a peeress, and was wearing a simple black ensemble with a small hat trimmed with red feathers.

THE Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile made a pretty bride when she married Major Kent Kane Parrot, of the U.S. Air Force, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She wore a beautiful dress of white and silver brocade and a tulle veil held in place by a diamond-and-pearl tiara. She was attended by two little children, Ashley and Carolyn-Clare Meyer, in white, and five grown-up bridesmaids, Lady Sarah Savile, Lady Anne Lumley, the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Fay James and Miss Mary Crake, who wore blue taffeta dresses with wreaths and bouquets of dark red rosebuds.

The bride's mother afterwards held a reception at the Savoy, where Lady Savile, looking very elegant in black and pink, received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Mary O'Hara; she is the author of those grand stories of wild horses, *My Friend Flicka* and *Thunderhead*, both of which made enchanting films.

AMONG the guests I saw at the wedding were the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Moniz de Aragao, the Countess of Scarbrough and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Lumley, who was wearing a gay yellow ribbon hat and talking to the bride's brother, Lord Savile, Baroness Beaumont and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait, both in red, Lord Dunboyne, who had been one of the ushers with the Hon. Charles Stourton, the Hon. Gerard Noel, Capt. Fred Hall, of the U.S. Army, and Mr. Howard Schmidt, of the U.S. Air Force. The Dowager Lady Swaythling told me she had been staying at Bembridge

the previous week, and had been able to bathe in the sea, which sounded very chilly in October.

Others who came to wish the young couple every happiness included Lady Serena James, accompanied by her daughter the Hon. Mrs. David Bethell, the Hon. Mrs. George Akers Douglas with her daughter Mrs. Shankland, Alice Countess of Gainsborough with her daughter Lady Dormer, Mrs. Teddy Mann with Mrs. Enid Cameron, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, justly proud of the splendid way their tiny son and daughter had behaved as page and bridesmaid, and Mr. Petre Crowder and his wife, who looked very pretty in a pale-blue ensemble; they have been busy flat-hunting, but are now, they told me, moving into part of a friend's house in Chester Square. Miss Sharman Douglas was escorted by Major Norman Fraser, and Viscountess Fitz Alan of Derwent came with her tall daughter Alethea.

I SPENT a very enjoyable evening at the fine Polish Embassy in Portland Place on the occasion of the first of the musical evenings to be given there this winter. The Polish Ambassador and Mme. Michalowski, very attractive in a short black taffeta dress, received nearly 200 guests in the big "L"-shaped drawing-room. These included many members of the Corps Diplomatique and the Polish Colony in London. The evening started with the delightful Grand Duo Polonais for violin and piano by Henryk and Jozef Wieniawski. This was beautifully played by Ida Haendel accompanied by that fine pianist Ivor Newton, who had chosen and arranged the music for the evening, which included the Premiere Grand Concerto by the same composer. Myra Verney sang five songs with great charm, among them "Extace," by Henri Cazalis, "Effet de Neige," by Paul Verlaine, and "Pannyre aux Talons d'Or," by Albert Samain.

Among the audience, many of whom later went downstairs to enjoy the delicious buffet, where there were all sorts of unusual delicacies and glasses of vodka, with other drinks, I saw the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Moniz de Aragao chatting to the Guatemalan Minister and Mme. Ydigoras-Fuentes, the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, two of the few guests in evening dress, H.R.H. Princess Zaid el Hussein and Mme. Prebensen, looking very fit after her visit to her native Norway with her family, which she said she had thoroughly enjoyed. Her daughter Evie was also there, with a charming and attractive young Norwegian guest, Miss Karin Sogne, who was over here staying with them at the Norwegian Embassy for a month.

Near by I saw the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Hankey, who were greeting friends; he has spent some time in Warsaw during his diplomatic career, which he started in 1926.

LADY HAMOND-GRAEME, as chairman and organiser of the committee, is working hard for the success of the All-Star Gala to be given at the Palladium Theatre on the evening of Sunday, November 21st. This is in aid of that very good cause, the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Helping her in this effort are Nina Countess of Granville, Lady Hague, Viscountess Mountgarret, Lady Price and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, who are vice-chairmen, with a very active committee. Tickets, which vary in price from five shillings to two guineas, can be obtained from Lady Hamond-Graeme, 10, Claridge House, Davies Street, W.1.

Other notes for your diary are November 19th, when Sir Malcolm Sargent is conducting the London Symphony Orchestra at the Albert Hall in aid of the Diamond Jubilee appeal for the Queen's Institute of District Nursing; and November 21st, when Gina Bachauer and the New London Orchestra give a concert at the Royal Opera House in aid of the Queen of Greece's Fund for Refugee Children.



Lady Illingworth with Lady Cross, wife of Sir Ronald Cross, Bt., at the Savoy Hotel reception after the Parrot-Lumley-Savile wedding



Col. Lloyd-Lowles talking to Miss Monique Bohn and Miss Diane Critchley, daughter of Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley



Viscountess Fitz Alan and her daughter, the Hon. Alethea Fitzalan-Howard, were also among the guests



Swabe
Lord Savile (right), the bride's brother, who gave her away, and her mother, Lady Savile



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Mrs. V. Fanshawe found, as did many other spectators, that the top of a car was ideal, from the point of view of both observation and comfort



Miss A. Horton, who was one of the competitors, discusses the programme with Mr. and Mrs. P. Knight



Mr. E. A. Boylan helps Capt. W. Gunn to adjust his member's armlet before one of the events

THE BELVOIR (FOUNDED



Miss V. I. Machin Goodall, on Neptune, leads Miss H. B. Welsh, on Misty, over an obstacle in the Open Hunter class



Mr. P. Rollo and Miss S. Birkin watching the riders mount for the Pair Hunter event



Entrants assembling for the Open Hunter class on a hillside overlooking the fertile East Midland plain, at the meeting point of the Belvoir, Quorn and Cottesmore boundaries. The trials were held at Brock Hill Farm, Hose, near Melton Mowbray

750) HOLDS ITS HUNTER TRIALS NEAR MELTON MOWBRAY



Major J. R. Hanbury, the Master, jumping with the Earl of Westmorland in the Pair Hunter class, one of the most popular and spectacular of all the trials



Mrs. M. J. Kingscote, Capt. M. J. Kingscote, Joint-Master of the Meynell, and Capt. Radclyffe were judges

Senior Officers at the R.A.S.C. Club Dinner



Col. E. E. Barrs with Brig. C. E. S. Dobbs and Col. D. C. Cameron at the dinner, which was held at Grosvenor House



Major-Gen. R. G. Feilden, the Vice-Quartermaster-General, and Major-Gen. E. H. Fitzherbert (chairman), Representative Colonel Commandant of the R.A.S.C.



Major-Gen. C. M. Smith (Director of Supply and Transport), Brig. P. S. McGrath (D.S.T. Australia) and Major-Gen. M. S. Brander, a Col. Comdt. of the Corps



Major-Gen. F. S. Clover, Major-Gen. W. d'A. Collings, Inspector of the R.A.S.C., Major-Gen. C. Le B. Goldney and Major-Gen. Sir Reginald Kerr



Brig. G. C. G. Blunt, who is a high executive of the Ministry of Supply, Lt.-Col. J. C. L. Godfrey and Col. F. P. Barnes, formerly Deputy Director of Transport in the Indian Army



Brig. E. S. Hacker, Lt.-Col. R. Dobb, Lt.-Col. M. G. S. Hopson, Brig. H. H. Berridge, Brig. G. B. Macdonald, Lt.-Col. J. A. Forbes, Brig. H. N. Gallagher and Lt.-Col. R. N. Harrison



Sir Basil Brooke, Bt., Prime Minister of Northern Ireland since 1943, and Lady Brooke by the lily-pond of their house, Colebrook Park, Co. Fermanagh, which is about seventy miles from Belfast in the beautiful Clogher Valley. Sir Basil is Northern Ireland's best-known personality, and has been at Stormont, the N.I. House of Commons, since 1929

Priscilla

Sacha Guitry Stages a New Comedy

IN PARIS. Up or down? A most worrying question when it concerns an electric-light switch. Paris is again suffering from power cuts. Two days a week, early risers are plunged into dismal twilight at 7.30 a.m. Invariably this means that, when the current comes on again at midday for an hour or so, lights go on that should be out and householders, away for the day at their jobs or otherwise, have the uncomfortable feeling that the meter at their home is busily draining their pockets, for no one ever remembers which, where and how the switches were working when the cut started. A small thing, perhaps, but a life made up of the many small worries with which we have to contend nowadays gives one the blackest and most camelious hump.

GOING to a new play by Sacha Guitry is rather like going to a function that at any moment may degenerate into a free fight between all who choose to take part in it. Our public *amuseur No. 1* draws an audience mainly composed of partisans and detractors. All wear chips on their shoulders. The sycophantical fans are aggressive. The sneering detractors are looking and hoping for trouble. This creates an uncomfortable but somewhat exciting feeling of unrest for those spectators, and I count myself amongst them, who are merely wishful for a pleasant evening's entertainment.

We owe many such evenings to Sacha Guitry, even though we may remember but little about them, since nothing that he has written for the stage is likely to go down to posterity. Looking back along the years it is difficult to recall the plot of any of the 118 plays he has written and that we have enjoyed at the moment of their production. There simply remains a warm impression of gay laughter, of witty sayings, of exquisite décors and perfect acting. But, after all, what more can one want when it is merely a matter of amusing oneself?

The other evening I went to see *Aux Deux Colombes*, Guitry's new comedy at the Variétés. The short first act was brilliant, and during the long interval that followed the fans were noisily triumphant while the captious critics remained glumly silent, reserving judgment.

The plot of the play is one that has been exploited by Somerset Maugham in *Home and Beauty*, that was given over here two years ago, but while in the English play a young woman finds herself saddled with two husbands, Guitry's version of the same idea presents a husband who inadvertently equips himself with two wives, with a lovely lady intervening from the sidelines. The elderly women give up the unequal struggle against youth and beauty, and depart, in tearful resignation, for the Riviera, where they will, together, open a curio shop to be known as "Aux Deux Colombes." Had they been British it no doubt would have been a tea-shop.

And that, my children, is that. We still have the wonderful décor, of which the carpet, *bibelots*, pictures and furniture come from Sacha Guitry's own house and are insured for several million francs; the brilliant acting in every rôle except one that need not be mentioned, and Lana Marconi as a very beautiful Grand Duchess. But while the detractors came away humming, the fans were strangely silent.

SUCH a charming *grand mariage* took place in the little village church of St. Rémi at Gif-sur-Yvette when Mlle. Janine Dupont-Lemière was wedded to M. Jean-Jacques Bouillant-Linet. It was a golden October morning and the sun, shining through the naïve figures of the stained-glass windows, cast gay lights on the silver-headed old *curé* and the young bride in her long white frock and attendant little bridesmaids. The wedding breakfast and reception took place in the picturesque country home of the bride's parents, a transformed mill. Amongst the guests who

came down from Paris were, to name but a few, Baroness Locré, Mme. Regnault, Mme. Genty and the Baroness de Junca.

Another out-of-town event was when "Tolly" de Grunwald, in Paris for a short business visit, went down to the picturesque outer suburb of Marly-le-Roi to meet Georges Auric, who is composing the music for his recently completed *Queen of Spades*. Auric was responsible for the score of *La Belle et la Bête* and *The Eagle Has Two Heads*. This last film is saved by the music. As a play Paris found the Eagle quite bearable, thanks to the very adorable Edwige Feuillère, but on the screen the masses are finding it somewhat long-winded, so they sit back, close their eyes, hold hands and listen to Auric.

BRITISH films are in great demand over here. *The Way to the Stars* ran at one of the fashionable Champs Élysées houses for several months in the original version (English dialogue), and is still to be seen, or, rather, heard with French voices, at various *cinémas de quartier*. At the moment *Oliver Twist* is beating all records and the queues that form to book seats for *Hamlet* line up long before the box-office opens. This is the first time, in Paris, that seats have had to be booked for a film, and that one has had to wait several days to obtain stalls for the second showing of the three performances that take place on Sundays.

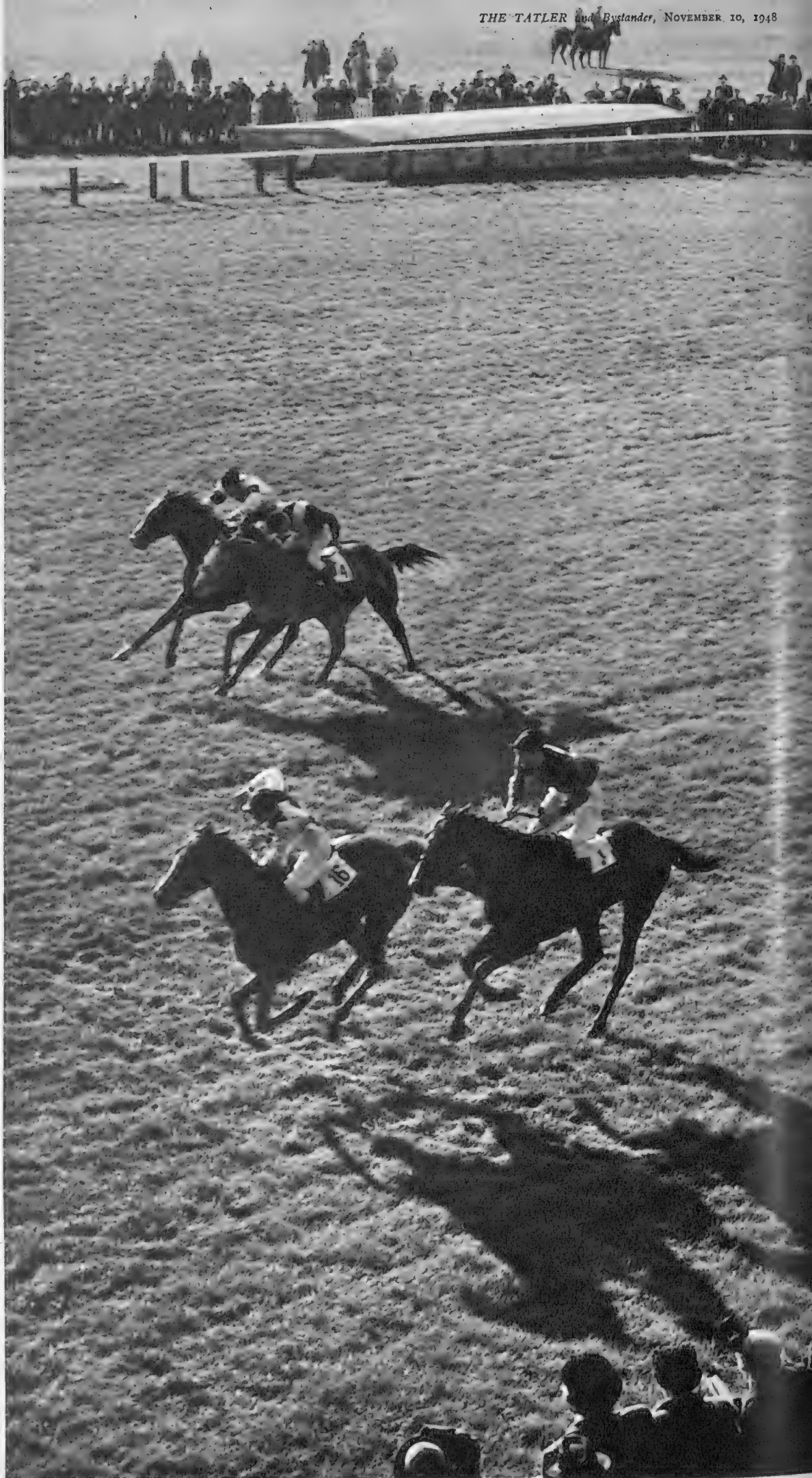
Voilà!

● Kind Old Lady to Little Boy with a snuffly nose: "Have you no handkerchief, my little man?"

Little Boy: "Yes! But I don't lend it to strangers!"

THE LAST GREAT RACE OF THE 'FLAT'

Bought for a song as a yearling, Sterope, now owned by Mr. J. B. Townley, is seen providing the surprise finish of the season, in the second leg of the autumn double, at Newmarket, beating Mr. D. Morris's Royal Tara by half a length in the Cambridgeshire. Beyond, Impeccable (No. 4) is dead-heating for third place with Patchouly. Long priced though Sterope was, his triumph over a formidable muster of talent was far from inexplicable, for he had been placed in all his previous races—over a dozen—and, as a son of Midday Sun, had Derby-winning blood in his veins. The riding of apprentice D. Schofield, was, too, particularly worthy of commendation. Owner and trainer (P. T. Beasley) alike had good reason to be satisfied with the performance of horse and jockey







Brigadier Willmot talking to Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Chief of Air Staff, and Lady Tedder



General Sir Miles Dempsey (left), Commander of the 2nd Army in the invasion, and Lady Dempsey, with Major-Gen. W. H. Poole, from Pretoria



Sir Dougal Malcolm, president of the British South Africa Company, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone

A Reception is Given at South Africa House



H.E. Mr. Leif Egeland, South African High Commissioner in London (centre), and Mrs. Egeland, who gave the reception, receiving Mr. L. R. Broster



Mr. Gideon Roos, who is head of the South African broadcasting system, enjoys a joke with Mr. John Roberts



Mr. C. H. Torrance and Mr. Rainsford Gordon with Moira Lister, the actress, who comes from South Africa



Mr. J. F. Knoll has a discussion with Lady Strabolgi and Mr. A. S. Trollip



Sir George Usher, the industrialist, with Lady Usher and Sir Frederick Bain, Deputy Chairman of I.C.I., and last year's president of the Federation of British Industries



Mr. R. Norton, Sir Alfred and Lady Vincent of Nairobi, and Mrs. Norton. The reception was held in honour of Mr. E. H. Louw, South Africa's Minister of Mines, and his wife



... the bottom of the sea probably looks very like Bloomsbury"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

HAVING backed the recent New York production of *Gentlemen's Relish*, a light comedy expressly designed to "promote the export of men's clothes," Savile Row might stop rubbing its hands a moment to ask whether it is not about to inflict a sharp disappointment on New York theatre-lovers.

Exquisite gents' trouserings are worn by all the actors in this piece. Not one of them, apparently, is debagged, either forcibly—a key-situation of the British Lighter Drama eagerly looked for by foreigners—or in the Savile Row manner, which is utterly civilised, feudal, and enchanting. A member of the Carlton Club recently deprived of his trousers thus by a world-famous tailoring firm reports to us that the procedure has five distinct notes:

1. Voluntary acquiescence.
2. Dignified co-operation.
3. Rhythmic choreography.
4. Mutual goodwill.
5. Reciprocal congratulation.

No doubt the onward march of Democracy will soon force Savile Row to rip the pants off clubmen with a reluctant oath. All the more reason why the Feudal Method should have been featured in *Gentlemen's Relish*, striking romantic awe into the toughest Broadway heart.

Lads

"WORDS BY GARRICK," Lord Montgomery might have added when he referred recently to Dibdin's tune, *Ye Warwickshire Lads*, now the march of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. The words are especially notable, Garrick having been in his most rollicking form when he wrote this tribute to his lifelong protégé, the Swan of Avon, for the Stratford Festival, 1769:

Come, revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the Lad of all Lads was a Warwickshire Lad!
Warwickshire Lad!
All be glad!
The Lad of all Lads (etc.).

Why, incidentally, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry never applied to the author of *A Shropshire Lad* for an equally rousing regimental march, music by Butterworth, has often mildly puzzled us. Slogger Housman, who loved the military and derived acute pleasure from the thought that the soldier has no better luck than any other Shropshire lad, the bullet getting one and the hangman the other, would doubtless have obliged with a piece which the troops could sing as well. E.g.:

Laugh, my lad; your craze for living
Must be dealt with, soon or late;
Better lads who dodge the battle
Find the rope may choke their rattle,
Ending, with no slight misgiving,
On the final stroke of eight...

Timed to the brisk light infantry pace, this would have swung the K.S.L.I. along pretty gaily to the wailing pipes and the muffled drums.

Tipple

SPEYSIDE water, an expert remarks, apropos the legal battle in Washington over imported whisky, is the one essential element in a vintage Scotch which nobody outside Scotland can possibly imitate. Thus calling attention to the little-known fact that water itself is sometimes good.

Two delicious draughts of water linger in our memory. One was drunk long ago from a Bandusian Fount in the wilds of Wales, whose water resembled the vapid stuff you draw from a London tap about as much as a Château Lafite resembles a claret made in Huddersfield. The other is a clear pure ice-cold bottled spring-water called Solares, sold on Spanish express-trains. The Spaniards are very fond of water ("Agua! Agua-aa-a!"—what would a bull-fight be without the cry of the watersellers?) and undoubtedly Solares is what the great Spanish poet was thinking of when he ended one of his noblest *canciones* with the horsemen dismounting in the noonday heat and gazing on the crystal fountain.

Y la caballeria

A vista de las aguas descendia...

One can never praise water in these islands without being mistaken for a teetotaler, for which reason we end reluctantly on a note of criticism. These Manichees invariably drink to excess, which is disgusting, and if their wives were attractive all teetotalers would undoubtedly be cuckolds. (End message.)

Escape

NO ardent thinker having yet hurled the word "Escapist" at Professor Piccard, whose two-mile descent beneath the waves is imminent as these words are written, we deduce that the Bloomsbury boys are at grips with the embarrassing possibility that the bottom of the sea probably looks very like Bloomsbury.

Sailors have often reported that after some great undersea commotion the most horrible shapes appear for a brief space on the surface before being sucked down again. Refugees from Progress, therefore, would gain very little by diving down to the sea-bed, except that female monsters down there must be slightly more attractive than those encountered in Charlotte Street.

Otherwise there is probably no difference to speak of. In place of the vast hideous pile of London University the sea-bed has high mountains like the Varne, midway across the English Channel. Groping their blind way in and out of the hollow rocks are local subscribers to the *Undersea New Statesman*. The fearful enigma of their mating and reproductive processes has yet to be solved, as with the Bloomsbury underworld. Only the natural good-breeding of the untutored Celtic peasant prevents our developing this macabre theme.

Of Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness...

Yet in all our walks it seems to us that Prof. Piccard might try a nice dive into Bedford Square next time.

Gargle

A WELLBRED girl raising hell in print about the disappearance of fingerbowls from polite dinner-tables didn't mention the nose-bowls Talleyrand nearly imposed on London Society in 1830, at his first dinner-party at Lady Jersey's.

After dessert the aged and elegant Ambassador, boasting the highest blood and the most famous name in Europe, beckoned his servant, who tied a waxed napkin under his chin. Hobbling to a side-table, Talleyrand then carefully and noisily inhaled the contents of a bowl of water through both nostrils, ejecting it by the mouth into another bowl. The operation, lasting some five minutes, was watched in respectful silence by a glittering patrician assembly, Lady Jersey herself standing by with a lace-fringed towel. "A very good habit, Prince," said the Queen of Society at length. "Beastly, beastly," murmured seventy-eight-year-old Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord smilingly, and gave her his arm to the drawing-room.

The odd thing being that Society, which worshipped Talleyrand on all-fours, never took up this fad, a far more hygienic one than others of the Regency. Our only solution is that Lady Jersey sent her major-domo to order nose-bowls at Goode's next day and he ordered rose-bowls, and she said "You damned fool," and let it go at that.

BRIGGS—by Graham





Richmond Beat Cambridge University by 13 points to 9 in the recent fixture at Richmond, and a home player is seen breaking through in an attempt to get the ball in a loose forward rush. The match was particularly interesting, as the week before Oxford had beaten Richmond by exactly the same figures—13 to 9—indicating that the decisive superiority won by Oxford over Cambridge last season is likely to be maintained

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's

Scoreboard



SUPERIOR, if wheezy, laughter is occasioned by those who do not understand our healthy British pastimes. I once saw a blue-nosed man with canvas gaiters and no intelligible conversation, fall halfway into a coal-scuttle because someone asked if the Derby was run at Derby or not.

But knowledge is quite relative. A little ignorance is a very interesting thing. For years I thought that a Capercailzie was a Bulgarian brigand, and I still don't see why it shouldn't be. Nor is there any coherent reason why a Bashi-Bazouk shouldn't be a raptorial bird, or an obsolete wind-instrument, or, if it comes to that, a smashing great whack on the chops.

THE wisest remarks I've ever heard at football have been made by ladies who, against their wish, have been dragged away from an afternoon's shopping. "Why does the referee keep waving his arms?" What shrewder critique could you require from a soccer spectator? Why, indeed? What more penetrating question could be asked at a Rugger match on a wet afternoon than, "And what do they do with the ball when they find it?" My friends, have you never stood, or been stood upon, at a match of football and suddenly said to your long-suffering soul: "Here are twenty-two, or, maybe, thirty lunatics, to say nothing of one ineffectual warder blowing a whistle and two more waving flags, chasing a piece of leather around in front of thousands of other lunatics, while, up and down the towns of Great Britain unathletic financiers, with hard eyes and long pants, are cornering all the

business? If you haven't, you should consult a phrenologist.

BUT Cricket, upon which the sun, try as it may, never sets, Cricket is the most insoluble mystery to the stranger; excepting, always, Russian Ballet and the smirk on the face of the Sphinx. Cricket is harder to explain than Bezique. "Why don't they talk sometimes?" I was once asked by a schoolboy at a Test match?

Mr. Neville Cardus told me an agreeable story about a cricket match in Australia. It was at Sydney, and New South Wales were entertaining South Australia and the immortal Bradman. Cardus, on his part, was entertaining an eminent musical conductor from Central Europe. He told the musician what he could; how that if the batter hit the ball in the air and a fielder caught it before it reached the grass, that was "Out," i.e., the end of that batter.

Soon, the great Don arrived at the wicket, and, for once, he was caught after making only a few runs. He turned to go to the pavilion, and the conductor said, "Ah, he is what you say 'Out'." He was told yes, what we call "Out." "But he come back soon, hein?" He was told no, he does not come back soon. "Ah," said the conductor, leaning back happily, "then I am glad; for I did not like the look of him at all. He is too small."

AND before we can recover, another set of Test Matches are upon us, in South Africa. It is sixty years since one C. A. Smith, of Charterhouse and Cambridge, took the first English team there. Now, as

Sir Aubrey Smith, he gives unequalled, but sometimes untaken, advice on cricket and matrimony to Hollywood. In 1922, that mighty hitter, F. T. Mann, captained England for five Tests in South Africa. Now his son, F.G., takes up the sequence.

Who was South Africa's greatest cricketer? As batsman, I fancy, Herbert W. Taylor, master of back-play which, on matting, answered even S. F. Barnes' artistry. But their greatest all-rounder was surely Aubrey Faulkner, who, for a losing Test series in Australia, averaged over 73. I count myself lucky to have played on his side in a match at Lord's, when three of the best batsmen on the other side missed his googly, by as much as Don Bradman missed one from Eric Hollies at the Oval this summer.

I HAVE further cause to remember that match. Just before it, I was seized with influenza, in a large and impersonal London hotel. Our captain, John Daniell, decided to visit his invalid. He was shown up to a bedroom, outside which he saw a large pair of men's shoes and a small pair of ladies'. So he said to himself, "Aha," and walked in. There he found, in a vast bed, a Mr. and Mrs. Robertson from Glasgow. Sold again.

To revert to Aubrey Faulkner. In middle age he ran a School of Cricket in London. Two of his assistants were Stan Squires, who has since played many a fine innings for Surrey, and Ian Peebles, who, in the space of ten minutes, had Bradman missed and caught in a Test match. Peebles has recently been presented with a son. The child will do well if he spins 'em from leg as sharply as his father.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire



THE recently published report of the deliberations of the most potent, grave and reverend Seigniors upon the Law of Defamation cannot fail to be of intense interest to all who have "to do with horses," particularly the racing variant of the species, and also to those who deal in hunting horses, because the people concerned are so careless about what they say. Much light, naturally, has been thrown upon the general picture, but the simple layman may still be a bit hazy about how far he can go without being stung.

A few concrete examples couched in popular language, shorn of legal idiom, would have helped us tremendously, especially where that slippery thing innuendo is concerned. Would Chalk, Jockey, for instance, have a level money chance against the rude and rugged man, who said to him in a foretop voice after a race: "Why the hailstones didn't you come away when I told you to?" It would seem that the stock reply to this remark: "Because I couldn't come without the blinkin' 'orse!" would furnish some ground for supposing that the jockey might have a sporting chance of proving special damage, since persons within earshot might gather the impression that he was a dope, or dolt, unfit for employment.

Such remarks as: "Nex' time I'll have a man on his back!" ("Monkey" is still an opprobrious term in the opinion of many.) "The on'y place for you to ride is in a cart with a net over it!"; or "Once a mongrel always a dirty dog! 'E'd steal a blind kitten's milk, leave alone sell you one with spavins as big as cricket-balls and blind of one eye!"; or "Ride? 'IM? Why, he couldn't ride one side of a clothes 'oss!"

But why proceed, for these things are current coin, and fired off at random for all the world to hear. What we want to know is: Can X collect on them, and if not, why not? Finally, could any of the former be legally classed as "innocent dissemination."

It is now very close on to the time when we shall put the flat racing season into moth-balls and be thinking only of the lusty animals that give us so much fun from Aintree in November to Aintree in March, plus, of course, all the sighting shots before November and the tail-pieces to the Grand National. Actually nothing takes definite shape until we have seen something win the Becher, the Sefton, the Molyneux, and so forth. It is only then that we can make any effort to sort out the quick from the dead, and begin to find something that may bring our ten shilling pounds home for us in March. Cheltenham and Sandown later in the month sometimes help us a bit, but Aintree is the sieve for separating the dross from the gold.

UNTIL the November Aintree we are playing that silly game, Blind-Man's Buff. Are the Irishmen going to spring another one on us? Is Sheila's Cottage good enough to collect a second National? If she is, we shall get no more 33 to 1's about her. Is fate going to pay back the bad deal she handed out to that other lady, Zahia, who took the wrong turning so close home, when she looked very much like a winner, and certainly had the tiring First of the Dandies in her placket-hole, though probably not Sheila's Cottage. Is Silver Fame going to defy the jinx which has so ruthlessly pursued him? Is little Lough Conn going to get his long overdue reward?

There is also Cottage Rake, who won last season's Cheltenham Gold Cup quite comfortably and then ran second in the Irish Grand National, giving 3 st. to Hamstar. He recently won a 3-miler at Limerick in a canter, giving 2 st. 7 lb. to Arranbeg. Last season they said he was the best steeplechase horse in Ireland.

What the tear and 'ounds is going to happen to give us all that chance we so dearly prize of wrangling and believing that everyone, bar

one, is wrong? But how dull it would be without all these little trimmings, and, by the piper that played before Moses, we need all the distraction and diversion we can collect in this dank and murky atmosphere in which we live. So let's hope that they will all talk the hind-leg off a donkey as, bless 'em, they always have done!

IT has often been debated whether riding in a steeplechase or looking on at one is the more nerve-racking performance. Personally speaking, I have never had any doubt on the subject. There was once a frail and lovely Guinivere who, when her Lancelot was riding one of her jumping racehorses in a 'chase, caught hold of the wrist of a perfectly harmless loon whom she permitted to run errands for her, and each time it met an obstacle dug her beautifully manicured and very sharp nails in. Ever after that he found it a very difficult thing to like looking on at jump racing.

And who could blame him!

Compare the two situations: a cold, unfriendly day, an indifferent lunch, a raucous mob all round and about, and your money up in the air all the time; as compared to a nice, hard-pulling horse, dating each one dead right, mental and physical uplift every stride; the light shock landing, God's glorious oxygen, the elixir of battle, and all that sort of thing, and quite soon you are as warm as toast and as happy as ever the fabled Larry was, especially if two fences out he is giving you that "seven-pounds-up-your-sleeve" feeling, and the only other one with any puff left in him has taken half a Christmas-tree out of the obstacle and as near come it as made no matter.

Of course there is this little offset: the time just before when a nasty, grizzling owner has up and said: "Now don't ride him like you did last time! We've got a packet on, and don't want it ditched by your stupidity! He's good enough to win if you give him a chance!"



Clapperton, Selkirk

The Ednam Hurdle Race in progress at Kelso Steeplechases. The field is being led by Mr. J. Eeles' Scotch Broth, No. 7 is Mr. Malcolm Smith's Hargill Lad, and Lord Jersey's Rapier (No. 4) is just coming up to the fence. After the races the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt held their hunt ball in the Tait Hall, Kelso



Three Court Paintings by Carl Gustaf Pilo (1711-93) in the Exhibition of Danish Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Frederick V. of Denmark is seen in his Coronation robes, flanked by his first wife, Queen Louise, born Princess of Great Britain, and (left) his second wife, Queen Juliane Marie. The Exhibition consists of a fully representative collection of Danish fine and applied art, from 8000 B.C. to the present day

Audrey Lucas's *

Book Reviews

"The Royal Family of Bayreuth"

"Going My Way"

"Peter's Wife"

"The Midnight Reader"

THERE are some subjects on which it seems impossible to think tepidly. Wagner's music is one of them. People incline to be either wholehearted Wagnerians or violently the reverse, two schools of thought, which, all things being equal, are fairly evenly matched. But all things are not always equal; wars and national animosities have an influence, absurd though this may seem, on artistic taste, and the most recent stick used to beat him with by Wagner's detractors is an accusation of having been the chosen troubadour of Nazi Germany; chosen posthumously, it is true, though not in their view innocently, since, they allege, his operas, the Ring cycle in particular, contain the germ which ultimately infected Germany with Hitlerism.

This charge is unjust; it is also uninstructed, although in fairness to those who bring it, one must add that Hitler himself, beglamoured by the Siegfried legend with its background of music—superb or nauseating according to

whichever school of thought one supports—did a great deal to establish the misconception.

* * *

FRIEDELIND WAGNER, the author, in collaboration with Page Cooper, of *The Royal Family of Bayreuth* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), and herself a passionate anti-Nazi, vindicates her grandfather most ably. "Wagner," she writes, "foresaw with prophetic clarity the drama and tragedy of our time. If Hitler had read the Ring of the Nibelung with understanding he would have foreseen his own doom. Symbolically, in the Ring, he who uses the gold for his own aggrandisement comes to his own destruction. So long as the gold represented beauty it was a safe and lovely thing, but when Alberich foreswore love and took the gold and fashioned the ring, he gathered unto himself power and enslaved others and set in motion the whole selfish pattern which we have repeated to-day. If Hitler and those who

repeat his misstatements about Wagner could or would look at the parallel they would understand Wagner. They would understand the eternal theme which runs through all his works, of redemption through love and through pity."

* * *

THE truth of this passage is beyond all intelligent dispute, and Fraülein Wagner, her case stated, does not damage it by reiteration, but proceeds with the story she has to tell. A most enthralling story it is and vividly told.

As often as not, the descendants of famous people either revolt against the tradition they have been bred in, or bow down before it; but the four children of Siegfried Wagner, Richard's only son, appear, rather, to have basked in that golden glow which continued, long after the death of its fountain head, to irradiate Bayreuth. Friedelind and her sister

* Deputising for Miss Elizabeth Bowen, who is on leave.

and brothers were neither oppressed nor bored by the atmosphere of grandfather worship, and the following is a charming indication that, while appreciating the various relics among which they lived, the young Wagners did not personally regard them as being all *that* sacrosanct. "And above all," we are told, "there was the fascinating chair that Liszt had designed to hold him when he leaned over backwards to play. To be truthful, there had been two, but we broke one, tipping it back to play the way Liszt did." Liszt, the father of Cosima, Richard Wagner's indomitable second wife, was of course these children's great-grandfather.

THE gay, rather cosy quality of the earlier chapters is not unreminiscent of a fairy-tale, an analogy that continues less happily with the introduction of certain traditional characters. The bad fairy in this instance was Fraülein Wagner's mother, that wilful Englishwoman, Winifred Williams-Klindworth, who, very early on, succumbed to the spells of the sorcerer, Adolf Hitler. Siegfried Wagner was far indeed from sharing his wife's belief in the young "saviour" of Germany; Siegfried believed in other, and better, things, and at first indulgently amused, he became prophetically apprehensive of Winifred's growing obsession.

Friedelind, who must have been a devastatingly observant child, describes Hitler's appearance on the occasion of his first visit to Bayreuth. "He [Hitler] looked rather common in Bavarian breeches, short thick woollen socks, a red and blue checked shirt and a short blue jacket that lagged about his unpadding skeleton. His sharp cheekbones stuck out over hollow, pasty cheeks and above them were a pair of unnaturally bright blue eyes. There was a half-starved look about him but something else too, a sort of fanatical glow." Out of the mouths of babes.

After Siegfried's death (this occurred, by the way, in 1930, although given in the Wagner family tree as 1906), his widow established Hitler as a sort of benevolent Uncle-in-Chief to her family; furthermore, on taking over the reins at Bayreuth, she both relied on and received his support; his arrival at the yearly festivals was a royal progress, and in time the word of Adolf Hitler, even in this town dedicated to the service of music, became law.

THE results, needless to say, were disastrous, for, in the world of art, anti-Semitism, or anti-anything else, is the most stultifying and sinister of intruders. Friedelind Wagner was essentially her father's daughter; she knew what his views had been on what had now come to pass, and young though she was, fought valiantly to uphold them. It was a hard battle, distressful in being mainly waged against her mother, and a losing one.

Winifred Wagner, living, as it were, in Hitler's pocket, and finding this residence most desirable, was naturally exasperated by a daughter whose *lèse-majesté* was becoming apparent to the Führer himself. This girl with her hatred for dictatorship, her fine scorn of racial prejudice, her uncomfortable reminders of what Bayreuth had once stood for, must have been a sharp thorn in her mother's flesh: all the sharper, perhaps, because in Friedelind's uncompromising opposition there was an echo of that proud and formidable woman, Cosima Wagner, whose sway at Bayreuth no one had dared dispute, and who

had treated her pretty English daughter-in-law as the merest schoolgirl.

Undoubtedly, it was this streak of Cosima in her make-up that led Friedelind to break with her mother and, nerving her to take Hitler's commands to "behave herself" for exactly what she thought they were worth, leave Germany for ever. In this last act of revolt it was Arturo Toscanini, one of the greatest conductors of Wagner's music, who stood firm by Wagner's granddaughter.

The Royal Family of Bayreuth is an important, though at no point pretentious, book. Important, because it shows with a dazzling clarity what *must* happen when a dictator occupies sacred territory, forcing rules and regulations which are both preposterous and brutal upon that race to whom freedom is not only motive power, but an indispensable tool of their trade—creative artists.

MR. GODFREY WINN, if one is permitted a "bit of Irish," resembles something which does not exist; he is like an agreeable infectious disease. To believe oneself immune against the contagion of his friendly let-me-tell-you-about-it-anyway technique is merely to be vainglorious. Unread, his subject-matter may seem unattractive, even repellent,

Congressmen, chambermaids, cowboys, actresses, Fred Astaire, bar-tenders and even Lord Horder. Sweden is visited with similar *agrémens*, while in between ocean trips Mr. Winn "buys British."

HIS home excursions lead to destinations as divergent as the Duchess of Kent's home at Coppins and a holiday camp. Here, some travellers will grow restive, although the author's cleverness is such that he contrives to make those of us who shrink from Mr. Butlin's highly organised good fellowship feel faintly snobbish. Still, even Godfrey Winn cannot always have his own way, and this reviewer at least still maintains, with that most discerning of critics, C. A. Lejeune, that holiday camps are best stayed outside of.

The secret of this writer's quite authentic charm is not really a secret at all; it is simply that he enjoys himself. Life to Godfrey Winn is interesting—not necessarily pleasant, for he is not a sentimentalist, but perpetually worth cocking an eye at—and wishing both to share his fun and to write a book, he has succeeded, once again, in writing a thunderingly readable one. Moreover, by a genuine quality of what used to be called sensibility, a good deal of heart and a very

pretty gift for observation, he has raised a rather superficial form of reportage to something a good deal better.

One story from among many stands out pleasantly. The author met Gary Cooper, to whom he remarked, that in Arizona, where he had just come from, "everyone looks a bit like you." To which Mr. Cooper (everyone's dream cowboy) replied: "Oh, sure, they all look much better than me." Mr. Winn's way should, and most certainly will, have plenty of traffic on it.

"PETER'S WIFE" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.) is a first novel, though one would hardly have guessed it. Stella Margetson has contrived a book which, without being remotely in that category, has certain elements of the thriller. Something will obviously come of the visit paid by Greta Fisher to the parents of her dead husband, and while one senses that the something will be startling, if not definitely sensational, the secret is artfully kept. For the most part a study of personalities, conflicting or converging, *Peter's Wife* has the essential gift of readability, and the author, by subscribing to that old

truth about there being "so much good in the worst of us," has created in Greta a character whose point one always sees, no matter how equivocal her actions.

In *The Midnight Reader* (The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d.), Philip Van Doren Stern has strung together a beautiful necklace of shudders. Every story here, in its own class, is a pearl of great price, ranging from Henry James's delicately diabolical *Turn of the Screw* to less renowned gems, and including some beauties by Poe, Kipling and LeFanu. A finely printed, and quite terrifying, anthology.

Odhams Press, Ltd., have now published *The Children's Wonder Book in Colour* (No. 1), and have made a first-class job of it. Those who wish to give a magnificent present will do well to consider this book. The price is 8s. 6d.; de luxe edition 9s. 6d.

The Fashion Notes by Winifred Lewis are unavoidably held over.



Queen Ingrid of Denmark and H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester studying an ornamental vase in the Danish Art Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert. The exhibition was opened by King Frederik and Queen Ingrid, and Queen Mary and the Duke of Gloucester were also present. It is the first time many of the treasures have been seen outside Denmark, and on their return they will not be allowed out of the country again

the form of his book, a sort of errant journalism, may be the one above all others that we detest, and yet . . . well, let us assume that the title of Mr. Winn's new book, *Going My Way* (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), had included a mark of interrogation. Many prospective readers might have replied, "Only part of it," or even, if churlish, "Not on your life!"; but the odds are they would still have found themselves at the very end of the road down which Mr. Winn had led them, surprised perhaps to be there, but having vastly enjoyed themselves en route.

This sounds like the result of hypnotism, and in a way it is; there must of course be something of the hypnotist in every successful writer, and Mr. Winn has reduced it to a fine art. He escorts his readers to America, and on arrival, weaves his way from New York night clubs to the wide open spaces of Arizona; in transit, he meets, and likes, a large number of people (he does this wherever he is), film stars,

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Tabor — Wills

Mr. Anthony Andrew Francis Tabor, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tabor, of The Vineyards, Welwyn, Hertfordshire, married Miss Margery Angela Hamilton Wills, second daughter of the late Mr. F. N. H. Wills and of Mrs. Hunley Sinclair, of Miserden Park, Stroud, Glos., at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



Aston — Wall

Lt. E. B. G. Aston, R.N., only son of the late Lt.-Col. R. G. Aston, and Mrs. Aston, of Bournemouth, married Miss A. M. Wall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wall, of Paignton



Beckingsale — Moore

Mr. B. Beckingsale, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Beckingsale, of Trematon, Lansdown Road, Cheltenham, married Miss P. Moore, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Moore, of Barrie House, Lancaster Gate, W.2, at Christ Church, Down Street, Mayfair



Griffiths — Wilson

Dr. R. A. Griffiths, B.A., B.M., B.Ch., only son of Mr. R. A. Griffiths and the late Mrs. Griffiths, of Royston, Yorks, married Miss G. M. Wilson, younger daughter of the Rev. R. H. and Mrs. Wilson, of Swinbrook Vicarage, Oxon., at Swinbrook Parish Church



Birchall — Hutchinson

Mr. Charles Gordon Birchall, only son of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Birchall, Inveresk, Prenton, nr. Birkenhead, married Miss Lesley Ailsa Hutchinson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hutchinson, of Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Thornycroft — de Lande Long

Mr. Peter Thornycroft, eldest son of Mr. Tom Thornycroft, of Tidnock Farm, Overton, Hants, married Miss Pamela de Lande Long, daughter of Lt.-Col. A. de Lande Long, D.S.O., D.L., of Lisle Court, Wootton Bridge, Isle of Wight, and of the late Mrs. A. de Lande Long



More-Molyneux — Bellinger

Mr. J. R. More-Molyneux, only son of Brig.-Gen. F. C. More-Molyneux Longbourne, C.M.G., D.S.O., and of the late Mrs. More-Molyneux Longbourne, of Losely Park, Guildford, married Miss S. Bellinger, only daughter of the late Mr. F. C. Bellinger, and Mrs. Bellinger, of Guildown, Guildford



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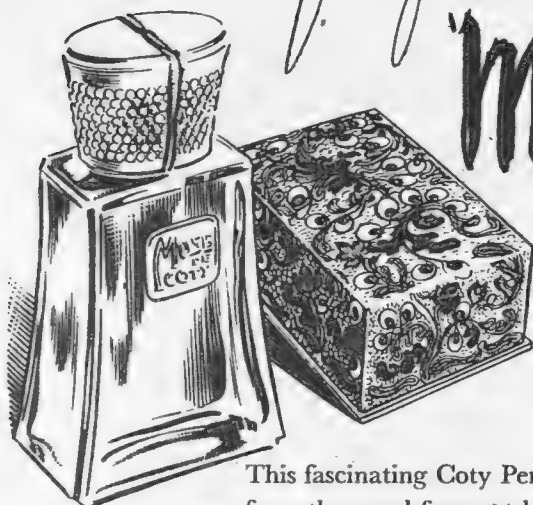
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Harlip
Jnr.-Cdr. Linda Marie Strong, A.T.S., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Strong, of West Wycombe, Bucks., who is engaged to S-Ldr. Billy Drake, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F., only son of Mrs. Gerda Drake, of Ashe House, Wigmore, Kent, and stepson of the late Dr. D. J. Drake



Pearl Freeman
Miss Elizabeth Anne Manifold, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Walford Manifold, of Mortlake, Victoria, Australia, who has announced her engagement to Lt. (S) John Horace Ragnar Colvin, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Ragnar and Lady Colvin, of Curdridge House, Botley, Hampshire



Miss Angela Dowding, daughter of Lady Fox and stepdaughter of Sir John Fox, O.B.E., of York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1, who is engaged to Mr. Gifford Shelton Rossi, only son of the late Mr. Cecil Rossi and Mrs. Ruth Shelton Rossi, of The Adams, Fifth Avenue, New York



Brañford, Bachrach, New York
Miss Rosalie Packard, only daughter of Mrs. Edward Cope-Smith and the late Mr. Wassen Packard, of Michigan, U.S.A., who has announced her engagement to Mr. William T. S. Digby-Seymour, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Digby-Seymour, of Old Nunnery, Red Mill, Worcester



Bassano
Miss Shirley Rountree Harris, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Harris, Bossall Hall, York, who has announced her engagement to the Hon. Richard John McMoran Wilson, elder son of Lord and Lady Moran, of Harley Street, London, W.1



Yvonne Gregory
Miss Juliet Adair, daughter of Major-Gen. Allan Adair, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Adair, of Green Street, W.1, who is engaged to Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, son of Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald, C.M.G., O.B.E., and Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Burton Court, S.W.3

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on FLYING



Air Vice-Marshal R. O. Jones, C.B., A.F.C., who has recently been appointed Senior Air Staff Officer, R.A.F. Reserve Command

PUBLISHING, whether it deals with the spoken word on the B.B.C. or with the written word in the newspapers and periodicals, has attained a peak of prudery far more elevated than anything thought of by Queen Victoria. That should be, no doubt, a subject for satisfaction; but it has its inconveniences. For example it has prevented an entertaining aviation research from receiving any attention in the English Press.

The research was undertaken by the Consolidated Vultee Company and was designed to test the durability of different kinds of aircraft seats. It entailed the construction of what, if one were to be daring, one would call a mechanical backside—or what I suppose one ought to call a part weighted and shaped like the part that impinges upon the seat in an aircraft, linked to an appropriate power-driven mechanism. One hundred thousand sittings-down at the rate of twenty-six a minute brought out the different qualities of glass wool and rubber sponge as materials for upholstering aircraft chairs.

It is a useful research, for aircraft seats vary greatly in the comfort they provide and there has hitherto been no accurate means of testing their qualities.

AS turbine enthusiasts are fond of pointing to the low cost of kerosine compared with ordinary aviation petrol. They also point to the reduced risk of fire. But there is another side to the matter and attention has been drawn to it in the clearest

terms in *Shell Aviation News*, which is a highly informative technical review issued by the petrol people.

"We cannot stress too strongly" says the editorial, "that the world production of aviation turbine fuel is not sufficient to meet the demands that would arise if it were introduced as the standard fuel for aviation."

It seems that turbine fuel is a straight distillate from crude oil requiring no complicated refining process. It is obtained from what is called the "middle cut" of the crude oil and this is what produces the fuels needed by industry and farming and for domestic uses. It has not so far been possible to produce turbine fuel synthetically, so that any large increase in the demand for aero-engines would be met only by reducing the essential industrial, farming and domestic supplies.

If it does become possible to produce it synthetically, there will be extra processes and up will go the cost. "In the meantime," says *Shell Aviation News*, "the increasing introduction of the gas turbine engine may precipitate a very difficult supply position."

WHEN the girl in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was told the cost of something in pounds sterling (and this was when the pound still had some standing) she asked: "How much is that in real money?" A rather similar question has been put to me by two readers about Mr. John Derry's performance in the de Havilland 108.

It will be recalled that the Ministry of Supply stated that he had achieved an "apparent Mach number greater than one." The meaning of that cautious phrase is that in the conditions and in the place where he was flying he exceeded the speed of sound. But what was his "real" speed?

The speed of sound varies with the temperature (not necessarily with height as some seem to suppose) and the temperature at the time and place of Derry's flight has been given. It should not be impossible therefore to work out the speed. I hope infuriated

RECORD OF THE WEEK

I IMAGINE that when Edna May first appeared in the London theatre she had much the same rapturous kind of welcome which London rightly gave Dolores Gray when she opened at the Coliseum nearly eighteen months ago in *Annie Get Your Gun*. Not only did Miss Gray win the hearts of that first night audience in one, but she showed she possesses more than ordinary talent. She has youth, looks, personality and charm.

Now her first solo record is available and she sings "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," and "You Can't Be True, Dear." She is accompanied by an orchestra conducted by Lew Stone who, making a welcome re-appearance on records, does a first-class job. But good though his part is, it is Dolores Gray who holds one's attention. She sings well, her diction is good, and never, for one moment, is there a feeling that this is a first record.

Undoubtedly this will not be the last solo record we'll have from Dolores Gray, who sails through both sides with the greatest of ease and with delightful poise. (Columbia DB.2451.)

Robert Treddinnick

physicists and professors of mathematics will not be too scornful if I get the figure wrong; but my calculations say that John Derry flew at 1,128 kilometres an hour or 701 m.p.h.

This speed was not achieved under world record conditions, which are particularly searching, for they require that the speed be observed from outside the aircraft; that it be done in level flight; that it be done close to the ground and that the figure taken as the record be the average of runs in opposite directions along a measured and marked course.

It will be seen that a world speed record is a tremendous achievement and bears little relation to the speed recorded by instruments during a dive from a great height. But that does not in the least reduce the merit of Derry's performance. I merely point out that it was a different kind of performance from a world record.

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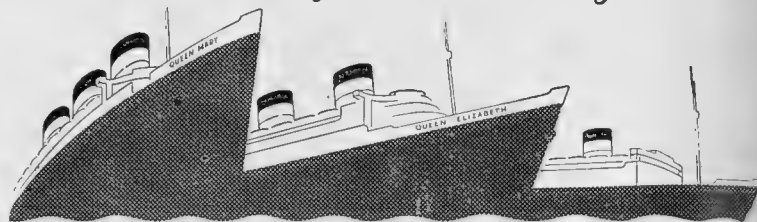
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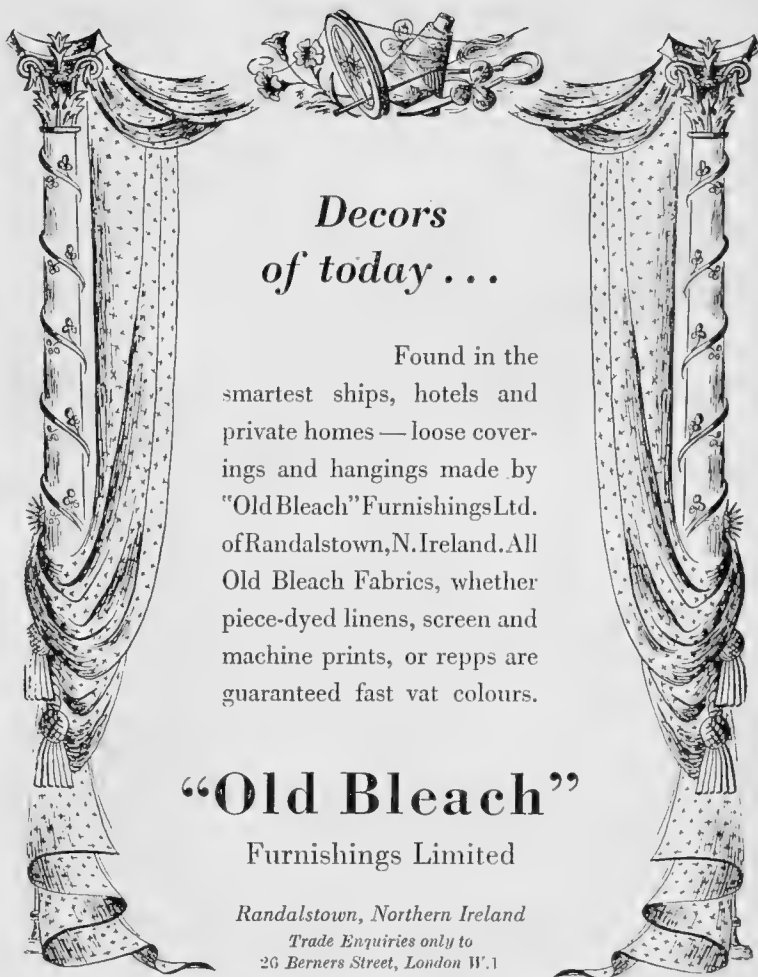


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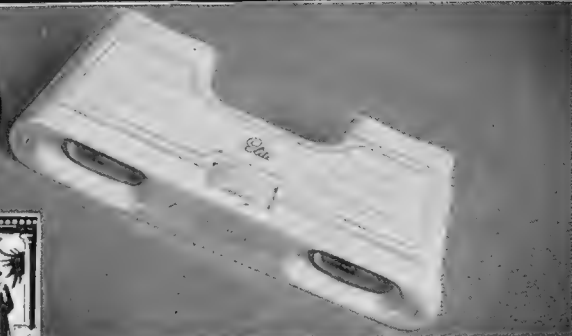


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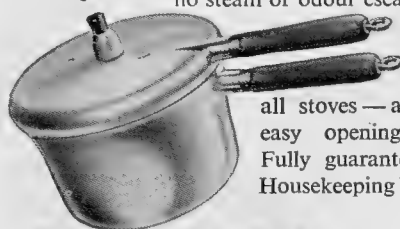


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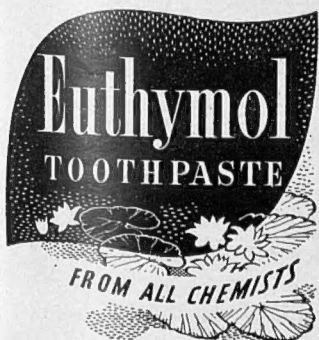
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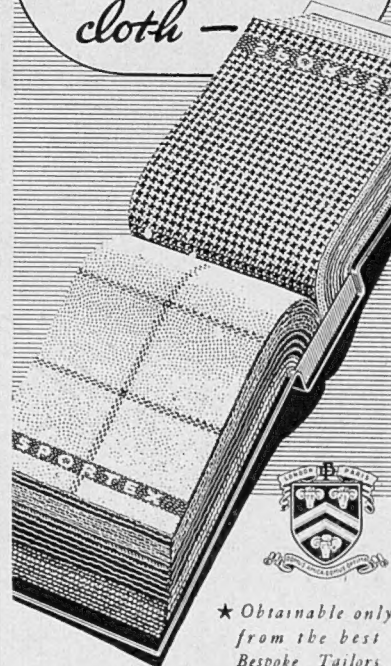


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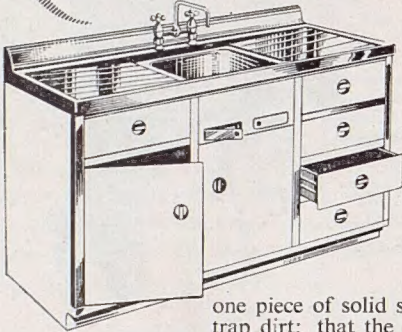
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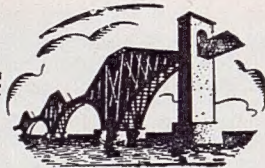
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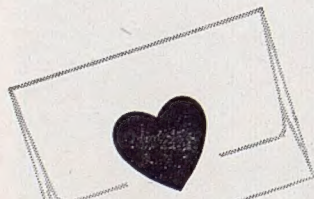
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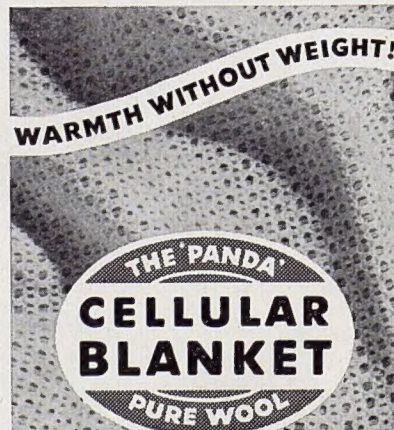
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